

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, November 6, 1802.

[No. 5.]

STORY OF
JAQUETTE.

RELATED BY SIR JOHN ANINGTON.

(From the Fair Syrian.)

ONE delightful afternoon I chose to walk from Poitiers to Niort. An eminence, which promised a pleasing prospect, drew me from the great road. It overlooked a romantic valley. A river ran at its foot. There was a seat near the extreme verge, but it was occupied by a man, whose habit indeed commanded no respect, but it could not be refused to his silver locks, and a mild and open countenance which showed intelligence. His eye was intent upon the prospect down the valley. A few tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and his sighs were deep and frequent. At his feet lay a scrip, and by the side of it, a little dog, who looked up at his master, almost, you would have thought, with pity. The sorrow seemed to smother that I was unwilling to intrude upon it; but the little dog saw me, and barked. The old man turned his head, rose, made me a submissive bow, and seemed about to retire from the seat. There was room for many a little content of courtesy ensued, which brought us into a kindly disposition to each other, and we took the seat together. I wanted to know the cause of his grief, for I wished to alleviate it; and I entered upon the subject abruptly, though with kindness.

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"Good Sir," says he, "this is my native country, whence I have been absent thirty years, and this the first hour of my return. This spot was the scene of many a youthful pleasure. On this very seat, I woo'd and won a very pretty young woman, the object of my fondest wishes. Oh, had she been as good as beautiful, what miseries had I not escaped! In that house, (pointing down the valley) I was born. That house, with three hundred acres of land around it, I once occupied. A mile lower down, you see a castle. It was the seat of the good old Count Valerius, the lord of the village. Were all patrons like him, France would be caviar. See that church, whose spire peeps amongst the trees. There I prayed to God with a contrite heart, and thanked him for all the blessings he bestowed upon me. There I solemnized my nuptials, and thanked him for the greatest of all blessings, a loved and loving wife. On the right of the church, you see a house, a row of apartments along the front, and a spreading mulberry shading the little court."

"This was the dwelling of the good old vicar, as fond of doing good as the patron himself. One little ail of mind and body, it was his province to cure, and to prevent or heal our discontents. The Count and he lived within a month of each other, a few months after my Jaquette had given me a daughter. Do you see on the left of the church a little

green, with the school-house on one side, and a May-pole in the middle? Three years together, from seventeen to twenty, my Jaquette was crowned Queen of the May; and these very years I obtained the greatest number of prizes in our rural sports. The next was the year of our marriage. How lovely she was, when, arrayed in white and innocence, she gave me her hand at the altar. Poor girl! what is become of thee?"

Here his voice, broken and interrupted, failed in its office. He struggled awhile against the weakness, then gave his sorrow way. It was contagious. I would have given the world for words of comfort—not one obeyed my wish. At length this burst subsided.

"You have a soft heart, Sir," says he, "shame on me for giving it anguish. I will be more a man. I have borne miseries in many shapes, and sometimes firmly; now I yield to womanish remembrance. Well, Sir, as soon as we had paid the last duties to our vicar, we received another from our new patron, the young Count Valerius. This gentleman (the vicar) was young, and had, it was said, some very engaging qualities. In particular, two elegant rows of ivory teeth which he kept in the highest preservation; a white soft hand, which displayed two brilliant, and hair exactly curled, and sweetly powdered. He never suffered the least disorder in his dress, and was profoundly skilled in the arts of the toilette. He talked of

every thing done at Paris, and talked in such soft and gentle tones, and smiled so sweet, that all our women were taken with him, and Jaquette as much as any. It was autumn when he came amongst us, and by the following spring he was master in every house. Then it was, he announced the coming down of the young Count, the best of men, so unproud, so generous, so affable! He came accordingly, accompanied with ladies and gentlemen from Paris. The castle was magnificent, and the disposition of its rooms and offices remarkable for use; but it was Gothic, and though not out of repair, was out of taste. The Count set about a reform, and we had the honor to promote this work of taste, by the labor of our teams, and the neglect of our rural economies. In return, we had feasts at the castle, and balls for our wives; and the gentry were kind enough to mingle in our amusements, and the Count himself condescended to chuse my Jaquette his partner in the dance. As to our vicar, he was now the happiest mortal living, except on Sundays; for when a poor sick body was to be visited. This was indeed a most distressing circumstance, for the effluvia would fasten upon his cloaths, and get up his nostrils though plugged, and sickle upon his brain.

The Count had now begun to take a particular liking to me, and would often call at my house, and take my advice as to the management of his demesne; and now and then he would hear of a breed of cattle twenty leagues distant, which he wished I should see. At length a friend told me how he thought matters were going on; for which I quarrelled with him, and he beat me, as I deserved. But Jaquette was much at the castle, and greatly in favor with one of the ladies, who was greatly in favor with the Count. Jaquette had exhibited two or three gowns which I knew nothing of, of finer matter and make than usual; and she had also some other gentilities never seen in our parts before.

This aspect of things I did not like; still less, the little attention she paid to business, and to me; but the neglect of our cherub hurt me worst of all. I proposed to her a journey to Pau to visit a distant relation. No, indeed, I would not go last summer when she desired it, now it would be monstrous, whilst her friends were in the country. We dis-

puted this, three or four days, on one of which her friends called to take her to the castle, after which she disputed it no longer. We went. I left her at Pau, and returned home. I am afraid I shall weary you, Sir, with a long story. After all, it amounts to no more than this, that there are bad men in the world, and frail women, and that power is sometimes vindictive."

I entreated him to go on, and to be as minute as he pleased.

"I had not been at home more than three days, before our relation from Pau came post, to inform me my wife was stolen. There was a pleasant common a mile upon the road to Saint Bertrand, where she had drawn our relation's wife, two or three evenings to enjoy the air and prospects. Upon this common she was seized, screaming violently, by two men, and put into a chaise to a third, which drove off towards Saint Bertrand at a great rate.

"I now saw as well as passion would suffer me, into the whole of the contrivance. I ran to the castle; the Count received me with his usual affability, and even put on an air of kindness; but anger such as mine is seldom dissoluble in monkey-grimaces. I taxed him boldly with my injuries, and spoke with the energy my feelings prompted! Unfortunately there were too many witnesses, for I found the Count, with the rest of the gentry, walking amongst the workmen. The Count therefore thought proper to treat me with a supercilious disdain, and at length threatened me with a discipline by his servants. I got nothing therefore by this attempt, but the increase of my anger to madness. I lay nine days in a burning fever, with a delirium. Dr. Maret, a physician from Niort, attended me. He was a humane and sensible man, and though physician to the castle, and acquainted with its present temper, he had the audacity to attend me with double assiduity, and to save my life. He could not indeed have done me a greater injury. But he meant well, and I was grateful for his good intention. After my recovery he gave me the best advice—to put up with the wrongs I could not redress; to forget my wife and be happy. My little Jaquette indeed promised me infinite consolation, for I doated on her; but she was the picture of her mother, and how could I forget her? I might

indeed have put up with my wrongs, for it was impossible to vindicate them; but the Count could not put up with his. His honor was insulted: for I had unhappily forgot his greatness, and my own littleness, and talked to him as a man would talk to a man. This is an insult the French noblesse cannot pardon. He even went off for Paris a few days after receiving it, and left orders with his agent to turn me out of my farm. Accordingly he gave me due notice. This was not all. He instituted a suit against me, for some pretended failures in my duty as a tenant. This was a mean revenge; for in reality I had failed in no point of duty; but in a contest of purses, mine must have died of wounds, which his would scarce have felt. Our vicar too directed the spiritual thunder against me, for matters as frivolous as false. My kind physician advised me to yield to the storm. I made haste therefore to sell every thing as fast as I was able; and having finished, I divided the whole into two very unequal parts; the greater I left with Dr. Maret, for the support and education of my child; and with the other I began my travels. In Normandy I took a small farm, and laid out my little all upon it. It was ungrateful, and made me no returns. I was thrown into a prison at Caen, and detained near three years. Here it was I learned to read, to reflect, and to value life as it deserved. An Huguenot minister lent me his books; a man grown old in this prison; but his misfortunes had not diminished his enthusiasm. He wanted to convert me, and might have done it, but that I found his religion had soared, at least not sweetened, his temper, and that he railed more than he reasoned.

"At length I was released, and having neither cloaths nor money, was obliged to become a hero for bread. I fought or seemed to fight, for I confess my heroism was never very animated, in Germany several years. No modern war, I believe has had the honor of slaughtering more of the human species; yet fatigue, want, and disease, destroyed two for the bullet's one. A thousand times I have marched leagues without a breakfast, sometimes barefoot, and sinking to the ground from perfect weariness, have been pricked up again by the halbert of a serjeant.

(To be continued.)

The tales of *Karamzine* have, among the Russian literati, met with the most favorable reception. They are considered by the French Translators equal to the best pieces of Marmontel and Florian.

We here present one of these tales to our readers, as a specimen of Russian literature. This translation is from the German Museum.

FLOR SILIN.

A Russian Tale.

LET Virgil celebrate the fame of Augustus! Let the eloquence of flatterers glorify the sublime qualities of the great!—I will proclaim the renown of the worthy Flor Silin, who, though only a peasant, was withal a noble man; and in an unadorned relation of his actions shall his fame alone consist!

I cannot at this moment reflect without the most painful feelings, on that dreadful year, which is known in the vicinity of the Lower Wolga by the name of the *Famine-year*. With sorrow I remember the summer, in which, during a long continued drought, the parched fields were only watered by the tears of the unfortunate peasantry. I shudder when I think of the autumn, when nought but the sighs of the distracted villagers at the sight of their empty barns was heard, instead of the usual songs of joy after an abundant harvest; and horror seizes me, whenever I recall to my remembrance the misery of that winter, when whole families left their habitations and passed day and night under the canopy of heaven, in defiance of cold, as beggars on the highways. I will no longer torture the heart of the feeling reader, by more minutely depicting these shocking scenes. I then resided on an estate not far from Simbirsk, where, though yet a child, I felt my share of the universal want, and the sufferings of my brothers filled my heart with anguish.

In a neighboring village lived Flor Silin, an industrious peasant, who cultivated his acres much better than his neighbors, for which reason he had always the richest harvest, and never had occasion to sell all his corn. The dry season came, and all the inhabitants of

the village Flor Silin alone excepted, were reduced to beggary. Yet was not industry his only virtue. Instead of taking advantage of the general distress, and selling his superfluous grain at an advanced price, he assembled the poorest of his neighbors, and thus addressed them: "Hark ye! my brethren; you are in want of corn, I have more than sufficient; help me to thresh out some measures, and every one take as much as he has occasion for."—The peasants were quite thunderstruck; for noble sentiments are equally uncommon in a village, as in a city.

The report of Silin's benevolence spread through the whole vicinity, and the impoverished peasants from all the neighboring villages came also to him, and begged for corn. The worthy Silin received them as brothers, and as long as he had any remaining rejected no one's petition. "At this rate," said his wife, "we shall, at last, have none for ourselves."—"In the Bible," answered Silin, "it is written, Give, and it shall be given unto you."

The following year, God heard the intreaties of the poor, and blessed the harvest. The peasants, to whom Silin had given corn, now came, to pay their debts with interest. With tears in their eyes, they said to him: "Us and our children you have saved from perishing with hunger, and God alone can reward you for the noble deed—we can only pay that part of our debt with thanks."

"I am not at present in want of grain, my dear friends," answered Silin; "the harvest has turned out well with me. Return thanks to God; for He it was that relieved you in your misery, not I, a poor impotent individual." In vain the debtors pressed it on him. "No," said he, "I will not take your corn. But if you have a superfluity, share it with those unfortunate being who, not possessing the means to sow their fields last harvest, now suffer from want. There are many of them in the neighborhood. Let us help them, my dear brethren, and God will bless us."—"Yes, that we will," returned the affected peasants, "we will divide this corn among the poor, and tell them, that 'tis you they must thank for the benefit; and at the same time bid them join us and our children in prayers to God for you."—Silin raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, but his feelings no pen can portray.

At another time, fourteen cottages being burnt down in a neighboring village, Silin sent each of the sufferers two rubles and a scythe.

Soon after, a whole village was burnt down, and the poor inhabitants, who had nearly lost their all, took refuge with the worthy Silin; but his former benefits had disabled him from giving them assistance equal to his wishes. He was without money. "Yet," said he, "there is a horse, which at present I do not much want. Take it, and sell it."

For two female slaves, whom he had bought in the name of his landlord, he procured freedom, kept them as his own daughters, and afterwards gave them good portions.

If thou yet tarriest upon earth, thou philanthropist, Flor Silin, if thou hast not departed for a better country, and one more worthy of thee, where the hand of the Almighty will raise thee far above many kings and princes, thou art certainly still doing good to thy fellow creatures, and gaining a higher place in heaven. If ever I return to that country of which thou art the best ornament, with reverence shall I approach thy cottage, and in thy person pay homage to humanity and virtue; but if thou art no longer in existence, I will visit thy grave, and water it with my tears. A stone shall cover thy vault, and I will engrave on it with my own hands: "*Here rest in peace the remains of a Noble Man.*"

* He is still living, and one of my friends read to him this narration. The worthy old man, with tears, exclaimed: "No, I am unworthy of so much praise. Indeed I do not deserve it."

Note by the Author.

Four soldiers in the service of the Emperor of Germany, having been put under arrest, and afterwards convicted of the crime of desertion, were condemned, by a council of war, to draw lots, which of them should suffer death. The three first conformed to the sentence; but the fourth constantly refused to draw: he alleged, as a reason for his refusal, that the emperor had always forbid playing at any game of hazard. His imperial majesty, on being informed of this poor fellow's presence of mind, in so critical a moment, ordered him to be forgiven, as well as his three comrades.

MANNERS OF THE ARABIANS IN EGYPT.

FROM NIEBUHR'S TRAVELS,

THE Arabians appear to have conquered and settled in Egypt, at several different periods, very distant from one another. Vestiges may still be traced which prove their antient residence in this country. The shepherd kings, whose memory was in abhorrence among the Egyptians, must have been leaders of troops of wandering Arabs.

But, whatever may have passed in those remote ages, since Egypt was conquered by the Saracens, the greater part of its inhabitants have been Arabs. Of these, some are settled in the cities; others live in the villages and cultivate the ground; and the rest wander through the country with their cattle, and encamp in tents.

The Arabian inhabitants of the cities of this province have nothing peculiar to distinguish them from those in the other cities of the East, or in Arabia, in particular. And the Arabian peasant of Egypt equally resembles the other peasants of the East. Yet, the posterity of strangers settling in Egypt, are thought to degenerate. Arabian horses, too, lose their strength and mettle here. Egyptian peasant is a denomination of contempt through Arabia.

The Bedouins, or wandering Arabs, being free, almost independent, and rather tributary allies, than subjects of the Egyptian Government, are the most remarkable branches of the nation. They are divided into tribes, governed by hereditary chiefs, called *Schiehs*, and these subordinate to a great *Schieh*, who has authority over several tribes. Upon paying a certain tribute to government, the Bedouins are permitted to feed their flocks through the rich pasturage-grounds of Egypt. But they frequently abuse this permission, and pillage, without distinction, as well the husbandmen in the districts in which they encamp, as those travellers who have the misfortune to fall into their hands. They are ready, too, to take part in the dissensions which frequently arise in this military republic. When government attempts to punish them, or to constrain them to their duty, they either defend themselves by force, or retire into the deserts till their misde-moars be forgotten.

They are almost always on horseback, and armed with a lance,—at least the more considerable among them,—and ranging from place to place. The care of their cattle, and excursions for robbery or amusement, are all their employment.

Independence renders them haughty and insolent; and their idle, unsettled way of life, with the poverty which naturally attends it, probably inspire that spirit of theft and robbery by which they are so much distinguished. Mr. Forskal and I, in an excursion we made to the Pyramids, met two Bedouins on horseback, whom we hired to escort us. Just as we reached the foot of the Pyramids, we observed an Arab riding up to us at full gallop. He was a young *Schieh*, and behaved at first to us with great civility: But he soon changed his tone, threatened us with his lance, and ordered us to give him money, before we quitted the spot. Upon Mr. Forskal's refusing to comply with so insolent a demand, the *Schieh* seized his turban, and held his pistol to my breast, when I offered to defend my friend. The two Bedouins, our guides, made no attempt to interpose, either out of respect to the *Schieh*, or from natural perfidy. We were obliged to gratify the robber. We returned another time better attended: But this did not hinder the Arabs from gathering about us, and stealing whatever they could lay their hands on, unobserved.

BON MOTS.

When George the second was once at a masquerade, he observed Miss Chudleigh in a habit which very nearly bordered on the naked: "My dear lady," said the good natured monarch, "suffer me to put my hand upon that soft bosom."—"Sir," said she, "give me your hand, and I will put it on a much softer place." She took his right hand, and put it upon his own forehead.

A middle aged gentleman paid his addresses to a very young lady, but when he asked her in marriage was refused. Having acquainted a neighbouring clergyman of his disappointment, he received the following laconic, scriptural answer—"You ask and you receive not, because you ask a miss."

REV. MR. HAGMORE.

THIS gentleman, who lived at Caltham, Leicestershire, (Eng) died the 1st of January, 1746, possessed of seven hundred pounds per annum, and one thousand in money; which, (he dying intestate) devolved to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment in the evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life in the following extraordinary manner:—Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was breast high.—The servants heard him call out for assistance, but, being locked up, could not afford him any. In consequence of which he was drowned. He had thirty gowns and cassocks, fifty-eight dogs, one hundred pair of breeches, one hundred pair of boots, four hundred pair of shoes, eighty wigs (though he always wore his own hair) eighty waggons and carts, eighty ploughs, (and used none) fifty saddles and furniture for the menage. Thirty wheel-burrows, and so many walking sticks, that a toymen in Leicester-fields, offered his successor eight pounds for them. He had also, sixty horses and mares, three hundred pick-axes, two hundred spades and shovels, twenty-five ladders, and two hundred and forty razors.

MATERNAL.

WHEN in the cradle sleeping—
My lovely little boy—

I view, with fond maternal eyes,

My all that's left of joy.

Softly I steal the rosy kiss,

From lips I hold so dear,

Lost I his visionary bliss

Disturb, and call a tear.

Softly I lay the downy spread,

His little limbs to warm;

Soft smooth the pillow from his head,

Lest aught his beauties harm.

Blest shade of Almet! now look down,

Thy sweet resemblance see!

May never dying laurels crown

His head and capitate thee.

While I, from summer's roseate bower,

The fairest wreaths that bloom

Gather, and cull with love each flower,

To deck thy narrow tomb.

ON MARRIAGE.

CONNUBIAL felicity and infelicity are topics on which most essayists spend a portion of their time and attention. Some writers assure us, that the highest state of temporal happiness consists in the union of two hearts impressed with every tie of reciprocal affection; and that the greatest degree of bliss which man is capable of enjoying is centered in the person of an amiable partner. While others again, who (perhaps) envious of that felicity which others seem to enjoy) contemplate the shades of the picture, declare that marriage is the very bane of happiness. Their arguments are founded on a lemma by no means general, viz. that the husband is taught to expect a subordinate condescension in the wife, who, on the other hand, supposes the husband ought still to be the ostensible courtier of their mutual happiness, and that a preponderance inconsistent with that ardent affection he so repeatedly avowed and manifested: thus the advocates of celibacy carry the point, and aver, that they who erst only lived for each other, now live only to survive each other. Were such a representation fairly characteristic of the effects of marriage, it were truly deplorable that such an institution should still exist. But the reverse is the fact: the *nummum bonum* of happiness does not consist in celibacy: matrimony is that appropriate union of the sexes, which, when discreetly formed, leads to the highest goal of human bliss. Love, the first ruling principle of the mind, or one of the primary affections, is a constituent which forms the most pleasing images that fancy can picture in the mind: thus it has been defined "an universal and permanent attachment to well-being, or happiness." When, therefore, this affection, or perhaps passion, of love, is excited by the contemplation of female perfections, the want of something to be kind to, the wild impulse of a lawless imagination, if not under the influence of a religious regard for the rites of Hymen, leads a youth to cast his wicked eye over the field of beauties, and select the fated victims for his pleasure—the fairest flowers for destruction, for beggary, and shame.

Such were the effects of the laws which the Egyptian monastics enjoined when these injunctions were laid upon their pupils, first, "that their bosoms

should remain unagitated by love; that female beauty, in its fairest form, should be incapable of exciting in their hearts the least sensation, &c. &c. &c." And such are the effects of a contempt of the ordinances of the Almighty; but the youth who applies those affections rationally, whose mind is not vitiated by the love of gallantry, of tasteless variety, and who loves with a virtuous flame, he, and he alone, receives with a pure relish an ecstatic and refined sensation, those ineffably sweet emotions, which turn the soul to rapture. His marriage is blessed with a perpetual flow of joy and felicity, which nor the gusts of fortune, losses, or disappointments, are able to shake; they only, if I may be admitted the expression, induce the soul to cling closer to that unfailing source of pleasure. In the happier moments of prosperity, mutual confidence improves the bliss, and in the peevish ones of adversity we enjoy no small consolation from the safe depository of every finer feeling—the bosom of a wife.

When thus the happy knot is tied between two kindred souls, the happiest consequences ensue; each endeavor to soften the other's couch; the husband delights to present the wife with whatever she takes pleasure in, and she in return prepares the choicest viands for him; and when he enters his abode she welcomes him with the smile of approbation and joy—they are happy!

An insolent fellow having struck Æsop with a stone. "I esteem you greatly for it," said Æsop, and at the same time gave him some money; adding, "Though I cannot afford to give you more, I'll presently shew you a person who can: here is a great and rich man coming, give him such a blow, and you will receive the reward that is due to you." The man being fool enough to believe what he said, struck the gentleman; but the hopes of the audacious fellow were soon frustrated; for, being taken, he was hung, and thus suffered the punishment his insolence deserved.

Philip of Macedon being on the Spartan frontier, wrote to the citizens to know if he should come as a friend or an enemy. The laconic answer was *neither*.

THE BEGGAR.

IS it impossible, then, to enjoy the pleasure of a walk in the season of the flowers, and the joys of all nature, without being, at the same time, disgusted with the picture of human misery; without being persecuted with beggars; one more hideous than another? Such was the sentiment which occupied my mind when I was accosted by an unfortunate wretch, who stretched out his hand to me.

"Madam! dear Madam! pray—something! the least assistance for my poor sick wife!"

"I have nothing for you."

"She must die, if not relieved!"

"I have nothing for you, I say," and I quickened my pace, in order to get rid of further importunity, when I heard these words of sorrow escape the lips of the poor old man.

"Ah! you who cannot bear to hear even the recital of my sorrows, judge what must be my lot who suffers them!"

Affected by this apostrophe, and somewhat ashamed, I stopped; I returned a few steps, and, putting a piece of money into the hand of the Unfortunate, who little expected it, I said to myself—I have done wrong; this will make amends. I then walked on, and, throwing my eyes around me, I found the flowers more fragrant, the day more bright, and the promenade more agreeable; and all these suggested the following reflection: "It is, true then, that when people are content with themselves, they are content with all nature."

A duel, which had nearly proved fatal to one of the parties, is said to have its origin in the following very curious reply to a simple interrogatory. "Pray, Sir, on reading the paper, were you not struck with an idea?" "Dagone, Sir, what do you mean?—Do you think that I'll be struck with any thing?"

Hope is the opium which lulls our pains; but the love of gain the poison which awakens them.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Extract from a letter dated Cape-Francois, Sept. 28, received in this city.

"The government has imposed a tax or contribution on the inhabitants of the Island, as follows—on women resident in the country, \$6 per head; on men of the poorest class, without discrimination of color, \$8, American merchants from \$750 to 900; French merchants, \$450 to 600; one half to be paid down, and the residue in 30 days—in case of default, 5 per cent. for one month is to be exacted, and then an arrest and sale of property without delay.

"Independent of those taxes, they have caused every American resident in the Cape to enrol themselves in the national guard, and will no doubt have to go in actual service, on a call of necessity—and, that this will be the case, appears inevitable, as the Brigands are at their gates, in sight of the town, nightly conflagrating the surrounding plains, and murdering the inhabitants.

"Tranquility in this island appears more distant than at the commencement of the revolution—should it be restored, it must be at the expence of vast treasure, and thousands of lives.

"The severe and incorrigible plunders have so much paralyzed the commerce of the country, that all sales and purchases have comparatively ceased, which has been the cause of my detention; for all demands have ceased—and many in trade are obliged to pay to government their little all, in consequence of the above arbitrary measure.

"I never was so heartily tired of any country; for prejudiced indeed must be the eye, that is blind to the villainy, and hard the heart that cannot condole with the distress that daily presents itself.—The situation of this country is truly critical, and I cannot think of leaving any property behind me."

Extract of a letter from Cape-Francois, dated October, received by the schooner Determined Rover.

"All importations now pay a duty of 10 per cent. on a Tariff, to be regulated every 3 months by the Prefect. Of the prohibition that has taken place lately, you must have a knowledge; we therefore shall say nothing on that head.

"The impositions lately put on the merchants, are scarcely supportable: they were all taxed a few days since 700 dollars for the term, it is said, of six months; and at the expiration of that time to be as much more."

Newburyport, Oct. 22, 1802.

State of affairs at Aux Cayes, &c.

Captain Young arrived here on Wednesday, sailed from Aux Cayes the 19th ult. informs us that part of the island was in the utmost confusion. The commandant had recently passed an arrete, which caused to be immediately executed, all negroes which were found, who could not give a full account of themselves, accordingly a great number were hung and shot daily. No vessel of war had arrived there, as has been stated, previous to captain Young's sailing.

"It is shocking to human nature to reflect on the present state of affairs in the French parts of this Island—there are now computed to be 30,000 negroes in a state of revolt, which must be disposed of before tranquility and safety to the lives and property of the planters, can be restored—they have got a taste for freedom, and they will not easily be made to abandon the enterprize—Can they be transported to the mother country? They are not wanted there. Will they be sent to the Spanish Main, or to the United States?—most surely they will not be received.—What is the alternative? They must be executed on the spot! For they will not again peaceably subject their necks to the yoke of slavery.

The disturbances at St. Louis (from whence all the women and children had fled to Aux Cayes) were principally quelled, there having arrived there a 50 gun ship about the middle of September. Business seems to be depreciated at Aux Cayes, the markets are fluctuating but very bad.

"Accounts from Jacquemet state that a general massacre of the whites had taken place, after which a pillage of the town ensued."

Port Au Prince.—By what information we can glean, the disturbances have extended to this quarter of St. Domingo, for when captain Pierson sailed, the town was closely besieged by the blacks. We did not learn the exact state of affairs there when captain P. sailed, October 1st, as we could not see him.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman, dated Cape-Francois, Oct. 1st, to his friend in Philadelphia.

"You never saw St. Domingo in such a situation as at present. This perhaps is the most critical moment it has ever experienced.—The affair of the Brigands is much more serious than I thought it would have been. We are literally shut up in the town, and it is probable we shall continue in that situation until more soldiers and more money arrive.—The brigands are burning close around us—all communication with the country is stopt, and money growing scarce every day—no sale for dry goods of any description, not even the most favorite kind.—Markets low."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, November 6, 1802.

On Tuesday evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in Mr. Evans' livery stable, the wind blowing fresh from S.W. spread the flames in a short time over most of the neighboring buildings, many of which being wood, were soon consumed; about half past 10 it was completely extinguished, after destroying 4 houses in Bridge street, with some back buildings, and considerably damaging 2 in Stone street—several small wooden buildings were pulled down to prevent the extension of the fire.

Mr. Mott, a tanner and currier, and Mr. Knapp, a fireman, both respectable inhabitants, and a black boy, were much hurt by the falling of the ruins, the latter very dangerously.

Among the sufferers were Mr. Evans, Mr. A. Carol, Gen. Boyd, Mr. Peter Mezier, Mr. Rynier Suydam, Mr. James Lent, Mr. James Cheatham, Mrs. Judah, and Mr. Cammeyer, baker.

The peculiarly distressing situation of Mr. Cammeyer, merits the sympathy and assistance of the citizens. The merciless element has in a few moments, deprived him of the hard earnings of his whole life, and left him with a wife and 10 helpless children, the youngest not weaned, in a state of distressing indigence. We are pleased to hear a subscription is on foot for his relief.

On Saturday the 30th ult. arrived at Baltimore, the ship London Packet, from Havre de Grace, in her came passenger, the celebrated Thomas Paine. It is said the curiosity to see him was so great, that the tavern at which he put up was crowded all the evening. It is his intention to proceed to Washington, and from thence to Fredericktown, Philadelphia and New-York.

The United States Frigate Constellation, Captain Murray, on the 22d July last, sustained an action off Tripoli with nine Gun Boats, and in half an hour, drove five of them ashore, and the remainder into Tripoli. No lives were lost on board the Constellation. Capt. Murray was prevented from destroying the boats driven ashore, by the forts and troops of the enemy.

Phil. pap.

At a muster of the militia a few days since, in the town of Goldsborough, a serjeant Rolf was killed by the captain Abijah Jones, who commanded the company. According to the verdict of the Jury of Inquest, we are told that the serjeant was refractory, and disobedient of orders. The captain endeavored to keep him in the rank to which he belonged, and pushed him, opposition was made on the part of the serjeant, when, it seems, in the opinion of the jury, he received a wound in the left breast, of about two inches deep, from the sword of the captain, though involuntarily on his part, which put a period to his life.

The captain was afterwards committed to County prison; but from circumstances, it is probable has obtained bail.

BOAT-GAZ.

THE LITTLE BOY

Another Duel.

A letter from Reading, (Penn.) mentions the following circumstances:—“On the 10th ult. a duel took place here, between Mr. Samuel D. Franks of Philadelphia, and Mr. Anthony Morris of this town. One shot only was exchanged; Mr. Franks received a ball in his right thigh, which penetrated about half through. By the assistance of a surgeon the ball was extracted, within the space of an hour after it had entered; and in the course of ten days, several pieces of cloth and linen were also taken from the wound which had been driven in by the ball. Mr. Franks is now thought to be in a fair way of recovery.”

As Capt. George Dekay, formerly of this city, and lately residing in Searsdale, Westchester County, was, on Monday, the 25th ult. fishing on a mill dam, he, by accident, fell backwards, and instantaneously put a period to his existence. His loss will be severely felt by a wife and several children, and his untimely fate regretted by a numerous circle of friends.

Burlington, (Vern.) Oct. 16

On Thursday, the 7th inst. a son of Mr. Simon Griggs, of Colwell's Manor, about six years of age, in a playful mood, slipped the noose of a rope round his body, and fastened the other end of it to a cow's tail, unobserved by the servant who was milking. Soon as the cow was milked, the boy started her with a stick, and she ran, dragging him after her. The cow made for a lake, a few rods distant, and in her course drew the boy over a log, hitting his head. Mrs. Griggs, observing the dreadful situation of her son, ran immediately into the water, caught the cow, and extricated the boy by cutting the rope;—but alas! too late—he had expired.

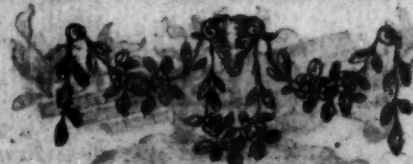
James McGuirk, sentenced to death for the murder of his wife, was executed at Washington on the 28th ult.

LIST OF DEATHS IN THE CITY.

From the 24th to the 30th of October inclusive.

Sudden Death 1, Consumption 13, Whooping Cough 1, Dysentery 1, Consumption and Dropsy 1, Decline 1, Scarlet Fever 1, Dropsy 2, Dérangement 1, Fits 3, Hives 1, Drowned 2, Burned 1, Childbed 2, Measles 1, Carbuncle 1, Small Pox 2, Complaint of the Lungs 1, Cramp of the Stomach 1, Debility 1, Sore leg 1, Diseases not mentioned 1, (Adults 27, Children 16, not distinguished 8. Total 51.

In the course of this week, the Legislature of New-Jersey met, and proceeded to ballot for Governor. On counting the ballots, there appeared to be the same number for two respective candidates: N. Jersey will of course be without a Gov. for the ensuing year. As their Constitution has not made provision in such a case, it is doubtful who will be authorised to act.



Marriages.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. GEORGE FORBES, to Miss SUSANNAH ANDERSON, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, D. S. JONES, Esq. to Miss MARGARET JONES, both of this city.

On Thursday, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, HENRY M. BEARE, to Miss CHARLOTTE YOUNG, grand daughter of Thomas Marston, Esq. of Prospect, on this Island.



Deaths.

Wednesday the 3d inst. Mr. MARTIN GALE, book-binder, of this city.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. ANNA SMITH.

Also, Mrs. LUCY YARD, wife of Capt. EDW. YARD, who fell a victim to the prevailing fever: she was a bride and a corpse in the short space of 3 days.

At Baltimore, JAMES HARE.

THEATRE.

This evening will be presented, the Tragedy of DOUGLAS.

To which will be added,

The Death of Capt. Cook.

In which will be introduced, a Dance, by two Natives of O-wy-hee, lately arrived in this city.

Election of Charter Officers.

The corporation, at their meeting on Wednesday last, appointed inspectors, and determined the places for holding the polls, at the ensuing election for charter officers, which is to take place on Tuesday the 16th instant.

1st ward, Trinity Church,	John Sidel, jun.
2d do. City Hall,	William Henderson.
3d do. North Church,	John Tins.
4th do. St. Paul's do.	George Gorman.
5th do. Friend's Meeting,	Leonard Fisher.
6th do. Bridewell,	Peter Earle.
7th do. Bull's Head,	Henry Rutgers.



NOTHING WITHOUT THE NEEDFUL

He who in business trusts a friend,
And aims the means must miss the end;
As facts, who useful forms condemn
The argument slight and rem,
That argument which best will speak;
While interest binds and blood will break;
For friends will flinch, and off will fall,
If wanting—What makes friends of all.
This maxim, no less true than stale,
Confirm we by a homespun tale.

A Quaker, whose extended trade
Full oft' requir'd his personal aid,
In foreign marts, and distant climes,
To guard his means in perilous times,
And with his dealers went to scan,
How balance stood 'twixt man and man,
To proud Hindostan's mart was bound,
Nor shrink to cross the vast profound;
But bade adieu to his Indian
With decent thrug and sober grin;
Eager to brave the boist'rous main,
And combat winds and waves for gain.
When one old friend among the rest,
Ventur'd to make a small request;
That, as in India's lands so fair,
All things aboard, both tick and tarp,
A brace of hundred he'd expend,
In thrifty bargains for his friend;
Which, when in safety home convey'd,
With punctual care should be repaid.
A suit so fair this answer won,
"No more, thy business, friend, is done."
This friend dispatch'd, another came,
Whose modest beam was just the same;
Another and another still,
To gild their girth at neighbor's mill,
Whom they conceiv'd a simple soul,
That never dreamt of taking toll;
As all were answer'd, one by one,
"No more, thy business, friend, is done."
An answer, 'twas conclusive too,
For more he never meant to do.
At last came one of Barclay's band,
With brace of hundreds in his hand;
"This bag contains that sum," quoth he,
"And prudence lay that out for me."
Which suit this different answer won,
"Good friend, thy business shall be done."

Twice two months spent on India's strand,
Friend Prim regain'd his native land.
When numbers question'd "What he'd bought 'em,"
And numbers hop'd "He'd not forgot 'em,"
To which no answer he could find,
But "Puss upon that puff of wind."

"Puss upon that puff of wind," said they,
"Why ever you know not what you say!"
"Too well!" the subtle wight rejoined,
"From me, that puff your names purloined."
Names, upon scraps of paper wrote,
"With all your orders did I note;
"When lost, one equinoctial day,
"On quarter-deck I lostless lay,
"And under awning shunn'd the glare,
"While scarce a sepher' sent the air,
"Each separate scrap I laid me out,
"Each well-known name I then swept out,
"Read your commands, my pride to obey,
"When lo! one puff swept all away:
"All, except one, which kept its ground,
"Being loaded with two hundred pound!
"That pond'rous sum was plac'd thereon,
"Or, with the rest, that must have gone!
"Remembrance flew with that which fled,
"And all went out of this poor head!
"Remembrance clays'd to that which stay'd,
"And all was onless I've obey'd—
"Ere I set sail, 'twas so decreed,
"Accept the will then for the deed;
"While dead for dead is paid in kind,
"For where love sticks, gold will bind,
"And unsubstantial words you find,
"Are lighter than a puff of wind."

THE SPORTING PHYSICIAN.

A LEARN'D physician, as they call,
Who lov'd the sport of shooting well,
Had toil'd three days in hopes of game,
But lost his time, and with it fame;
When John, his favorite servant, bow'd,
And beg'd for once to be allow'd
To try in neighbor's field his art,
Assur'd he soon should play his part.
For such there were, it was well known,
And he would enter them soon.
"What mean you, John?" old Galen cries,
"Why kill them, Sir?" plain John replies.

LIST OF DEATHS IN THIS CITY

WILLIAM OF THE DALE.

FAIR Cynthia o'er the briny deep,
Shone forth her trembling silver spear,
The world was hush'd in silent sleep,
When lovely Eliza took her leave.
Down to the ocean's depths she went,
Eager to view each passing sail,
And silently of Heaven implore
Its care for William of the dale.

"Wait him, ye winds, across the main;
"Wait him, and quicken his return;
"That I may give him once again
"A heart which for him ever did burn."
Source had she spoke, when of the dale
Appeared the welcome sight for all,
She cry'd, "At length my grief is o'er!"
And clasp'd her William of the dale.

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Made in the latest style of
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Or Codrington Quarters.

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THE SUFFERINGS
OF THE ORTENBURG FAMILY.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.

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THE ILLUMINATED BARON.

By a lady of Massachusetts.

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